

The Glory of the Sea by eastaustraliancurrent

Category: Black Sails, IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - Pirate, Banter, F/M, I hate doing tags I'm so sorry, It isn't very graphic so far though i don't think?, M/M, Period-Typical Homophobia, Pirates, Slow Burn, Violence, but not as homophobic as u think..., ill add more tags as I go, pirates said gay rights

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Patricia Blum Uris, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Minor Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh - Relationship, Minor Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon - Relationship, Minor Patricia Blum Uris/Stamley Uris - Relationship

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Summary:

“1715 West Indies

The Pirates of New Providence Island threaten maritime trade in the region. The laws of every civilized nation declare them *hostis humani generis*. Enemies of all mankind. In response, the pirates adhere to a doctrine of their own...

War against the world.”

-Black Sails

1. The Cook

The air was a cloud of smoke and splinters, smouldering across the deck, warping the sails, roasting away in the mouths of the fighting. Richie's chest heaved, sucking in that foul air, unable to stop it from tearing through his lungs. The creaking of splitting wood, the screams of the dying and those who were more alive than they could bear, the boom of canons, all these noises overlapped and twisted between each other to the point that there was almost no sound at all, just one long flat ring of ripping, screaming destruction.

Richie tumbled through this miniature war, scabbard held up to his face as nothing more than a shield against the flying swords, bullets, blood. The deck of the boat shuddered through his legs with every footfall, his thin shoes doing little to protect him from his juddering sprint across the surface. Something grazed the back of his bowed neck, searing his nerves, and Richie opened his mouth, felt his vocal chords rumble, but heard nothing.

In front of him, between a burning, fallen sail and a burning, fallen corpse, was the handle of the hatch. He dodged the licking flames and the garbled moans, jerked the door open, and crashed down the stairs below decks.

Here, the air was thicker, stagnant, pierced through with the shattering groans and shouts of men and the cannons they fired. The acrid smell of gunshot burned in his sinuses and he turned away, away, away, fumbling towards the galley door.

Richie pressed the door shut behind him, braced against it, and the relative quiet of the galley gave the illusion of silence against the riot outside. Richie panted, felt his palms sear sweat into the wood grain of the door.

"Fuck are you doing here?" The voice came from behind him, low and grinding. "Captain said he needed all hands."

Richie sucked in one long, aching breath, and pulled his face into some semblance of sanity. He turned to the cook. "Why aren't you up there then?" he asked, hands settling on his hips. "Fighting for Her

Royal Majesty's honor?"

Richie had lost his glasses above deck, but he could still make out the man's defensive stance. He was grisdled, low-slung brow, low-slung stomach. Richie narrowed his eyes as he hastily withdrew his hand from the pocket of his grubby apron. "I'm the cook," he said, as though his line of reasoning was obvious.

"So what?" Richie shrugged. The sweat of his palms was seeping into the linen of his pants. He shifted his weight onto his left leg, affecting nonchalance. "You've got hands, don't you?"

The cook frowned. "But I'm the cook."

The door rattled behind Richie. "Whatever you say, Cookie," he said as he jumped forward, slinging an arm around a crate and dragging it up against the door.

"You're a coward," the cook spat. "The captain'll have you strung up for this."

"Can't do that if he's dead, can he?"

A particularly loud crash sounded from above the ship tilted violently to one side. Richie and the cook braced themselves together against a beam.

"You know who that is up there?" the cook snarled, his greasy jowls inches from Richie's face. "That ship flies the banner of Captain Denbrough."

Richie could feel his pulse beating in his throat, his fingertips, everywhere. He knew that, of course he knew that, why the fuck else would he be cowering below decks? He had heard the whispers, the hissed fear between the other sailors as the pirate ship had drawn closer. "Isn't that your problem, too?"

The cook grinned. "Good cooks are in short supply. Even for criminals. But you? Cowering below decks? Dodging a fight? They'll gut you for sport."

Another crash from above, but this time Richie and the cook

sprawled to the floor. A leather pouch fell from the cook's pocket and rolled between them. The cook's head snapped up to look at Richie, who just stared back in confusion, but when the cook thrust his hand forward to grab the pouch, Richie instinctively knocked his arm back. He snatched the pouch up and scrambled to his feet, holding it tight to his chest with his hand pressed flat over it.

"Give me that!" the chef snarled, hoisting himself up.

"Why?" Richie asked. "Is it important?"

The cook held out his hand. "Give it here, boy."

Richie took a step back and his heel scraped on the crate against the door. "Why don't we just let Captain Denbrough settle this? I'm sure he's a just captain."

The cook snarled, then whipped around and snatched a scabbard up from the table behind him. Richie lurched back, lost his balance, and sat down heavily on the crate. His hand fell to his hip, but he had no weapon there; he had dropped his own scabbard above decks.

The cook swung.

Richie dove to the floor, carving his elbows and knees into the rough wood but tightening his grip on the pouch. He heard the scabbard hit the door that had been at his back and he crawled forward, sweaty strands of hair swinging across his vision. He dodged behind another crate and quickly fumbled the pouch into his breast pocket. The cook swore somewhere, followed by a thumping sound. Richie risked a peek.

The edge of the scabbard was buried in the door and the cook was tugging desperately on it. Richie laughed, quietly, hysterically, thanking the Lord that the cook had been granted only with strength and not precision. He ducked back down behind the crate.

Next to his knee was long, dark piece of splintered wood. Richie stared at it. It must have been about as long as his forearm. He picked it up, felt the sharp edges digging into this palm, then looked back over at the cook, still scrabbling away at the door.

Richie rose to his feet. Gingerly, oh so gingerly, he stepped out from behind the crate. Sunlight slanted in through a solitary window, casting a bright square of light on the ground between Richie and the cook and warping Richie's vision. Richie tightened his grip on the splinter, breathed deeply through his nose, then stepped into the light and squeezed his eyes shut.

The cook died almost silently, just a hoarse gurgle before he slid to the floor, blood flowing around the splinter lodged in his neck. Richie took a step back, then another. Watched the puddle grow on the floor, red seeping out from beneath the pale mass. He leaned over and vomited behind one of the barrels in the room, then sat down heavily on its lid.

Richie didn't know how long he sat there, watching the blood run across the floor in whichever direction the ship leaned until the galley door shuddered with a crashing impact. He jerked back into the world, heard the loud laughter and chatter that filled the ship, the shifting of heavy crates, and, of course, the rhythmic slamming against his door.

Richie clambered to his feet, looked around the room, assessed his situation. There was nothing he could do about the cook, no time to shove him into a corner. The door made a splintering noise and Richie remembered the pouch. He withdrew it from his breast pocket and slid it into the front of his drawers just as the door crashed inwards. He whipped his hands out of his pants and held them both up to his ears in surrender.

For a moment, the doorway was a rectangle of white light flooding into the room and Richie could see nothing but a few wisps of smoke drifting through the air. Then two people stepped into the room, their silhouettes blurred by the light. Richie squinted. One of them was a tall, dark-skinned man in a loose cotton shirt. He had a pistol trained directly on Richie's face. Behind him was a smaller, paler man with fire-bright hair clutching a pair of daggers. Richie saw the taller man's head turn towards the dead cook on the floor, the splinter protruding from his neck, and Richie heard the sound of the pistol cocking.

"Hello!" he blurted. He winced inwardly, then nodded to the cook,

caring on with his charade. “He... couldn’t handle the thought of what you would do to him.” The redhead snorted. “*I*, however, would very much like to join your crew. You see—” Richie risked a step closer. “—I happen to be a *very* good cook.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Thanks to Migz for being my hype man

2. The Paper

The leather pouch contained a sheet of paper.

Richie discovered this tucked away in the pirates' galley, left alone to pluck a chicken. The man with the pistol had introduced himself as the quartermaster, Mr. Hanlon, then brought Richie down here and placed him in the care of a large, well-muscled man called Ben who clearly had no business in a kitchen. Ben fumbled his words as much as he did the cooking equipment he was supposedly showing Richie how to use. He apologized, assured Richie that someone called Uris would help him buy more food ashore, apologized again, then ducked out the door.

Clearly, the crew was in desperate need of a cook. Shame they still didn't have one.

The feathers at Richie's feet shifted back and forth with the rocking of the ship as he carefully unrolled the paper. He held it close to his face so he could make out the thin writing. He hoped that pirates had optometrists.

It was a schedule, that much Richie could tell, dates listed alongside the names of locations that Richie only recognized a few of. He frowned to himself and brought the paper closer, the tip of his nose brushing the scrawling penmanship.

The galley door banged open and Richie jerked against the cupboard at his back, sending the mugs lined up along it rattling. The paper slipped from his hands as he lifted his arms to steady the cups. He frantically shuffled his feet to stir the feathers up so they'd cover the paper.

"Fuck are you still doing in here?" called the redhead from the door in a higher voice than Richie would have expected from the man.

"Plucking the chicken?" Richie prayed the man wouldn't venture further into the galley. He tried to slide the paper further into the shadowed corner, as nonchalant as he could manage.

“We’re about to land and you’re unloading the cargo,” the man explained. “Come on.”

“Uh. Let me clean up here first.” Richie couldn’t see it, but he was sure the man rolled his eyes before turning back out the door. Richie sighed in relief and knelt onto the planks, his back to the door, and scooped the paper into his pouch and back down the front of his pants for safe-keeping. He kicked the feathers into the corner as an afterthought.

The heat in Nassau was different than on the ship; it wasn’t gleaming, glittering wet off the water and the backs of toiling men. Instead it settled, hot and sticky with dust over the boiling marketplace. Richie kept pushing his hair off his forehead and pulling his shirt from his skin as he lugged barrels and boxes and crates from the docking rowboats to the marketplace. There, Uris sat and collected their profits and directed the flow of goods.

Uris was a slender man with hair curlier than Richie’s yet somehow better maintained. Despite the heat, he wore a long vest over his rolled-to-the-elbows cotton shirt. Richie stared at the back of that head of fine curls as Uris redistributed their profits to the men, then recorded the transactions. Richie was slated to accompany Uris into town so that he could learn what to buy for the crew, so he waited, waited as the sun baked his hair flat against his head and singed the hair off his arms. Needless to say, Richie was bored.

The island itself was beautiful to behold; clear blue waters, burning white beaches, top heavy palm trees. The market was interesting, too, and surely would have occupied more of Richie’s attention if it weren’t for the leather pouch burning against his skin. He fidgeted on the dock, impatiently seated on a box a ways behind Uris, absently tumbling through a crate of books taken from Richie’s old ship.

And suddenly he remembered the torn edge of the paper.

Richie snatched up one of the larger books, opened it to reveal the captain’s log. There were no missing pages, but there were two other books of the same make in the crate. Eagerly, he lifted them out and bent to read the spines, which were labeled 1, 2, and 4. Richie frowned. Even before he rifled through the pages of the other books,

he knew there would be no missing pages.

Richie's posture slackened and he dropped the books onto his lap. Disappointed, he turned his gaze back to the island and watched as Uris paused in his writing and commanded a sailor to return one of the captured boxes to the ship. Richie sat up a little straighter.

"Uris?" he called.

"No."

Richie blinked, then scooped his books up and took them over to Uris and dropped them on his table. He had set up his own little workspace, a flimsy table and chair for him to balance their records over. He didn't so much as flinch when the books landed on the table with a loud *whack*, not even when the table groaned under the added weight.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" Uris said, quilled pen unceasing.

"Where's the third book?" Richie asked.

Uris finally glanced at the stack and his quill stopped moving. He leaned back in his chair and looked shrewdly up at Richie. "Why would you, a cook, want the third edition of the captain's log?"

The cook. Right. "My recipes are in there," Richie said, then winced.

Uris just stared at him.

Richie stared back, unwilling to back down now that he had committed himself to this brainless tack. Uris, apparently, did not have the same commitment, and simply turned back to writing in his book. "Please return those books to the crate you took them from," he said, quill unfaltering.

Richie stood there for another moment, just in case his dedication changed Uris's mind, then conceded, picking the books up and doing as Uris said. He sat back down on his box and wiped his palms roughly on his trousers. They were shaking, so he sat on them instead. He watched as Uris closed his book and stood up, watched as he walked down the docks towards Ben. They bent their heads

together, mouths moving, then Ben turned to look at Richie and nodded to Uris.

Richie nodded to himself, muttered, "Okay," then quietly slipped off his box and made himself scarce.

As Richie walked briskly down the sun-cracked and weather-beaten road, Richie evaluated his situation. In hindsight, he admitted to himself, he could have been more subtle. He wove a stuttering path through the marketplace, head bowed in an attempt to blend in, ducking pans strung from rickety poles and sidestepping sweat-encrusted customers. Obviously, this piece of paper was important, valuable even, but was it important enough to risk his life over? His life was already in jeopardy, though: stealing was punishable by death, even among pirates.

Richie made his way into the town, wooden buildings on either side pinning him in the center of the street. He heard a shout from behind him and broke into a run. With a glance over his shoulder he was able to identify two of the people chasing him: one was Mr. Hanlon, the other was the red-headed man. The third man, however, Richie didn't recognize.

Richie careened down the street, stumbling into people, knocking crates over, causing a general ruckus in the hope that it would slow down his pursuants. As he leaped around a teetering barrel, Richie ducked around a cart of straw and into a narrow backstreet.

Richie darted down empty streets and thin alleys, tracing an erratic path dictated solely by his terror. As the sounds of the marketplace grew distant, Richie stopped to lean against a wall and catch his breath.

The wall was soft with age, the paint chalky and crumbling against Richie's back as he sorted his options. There was no way he could escape the pirates, he was on a fucking *island*. Unless he somehow found another ship out and stowed away, which would be a feat unto itself, Richie was stranded. He scraped his damp curls back from his face. He had stolen from Captain fucking *Denbrough*. No way would some other crew go behind his back just to keep Richie, a nobody, from harm.

Richie pulled the leather pouch from his pants, unrolled it shakily in the midday sun. He left damp fingerprints on the page as he brought it close to his face, reading it once more.

Could he barter for his own life with this paper? Richie had no doubt that Denbrough would simply kill Richie and retrieve the paper from his corpse if Richie so much as insinuated he intended to withhold the paper, so Richie needed to somehow ensure that the loss of his life would mean the loss of the paper.

Richie bowed his head and truly focused on the page, pouring over it, committing the contents to memory. He didn't know how much time he had before the pirates caught up to him, so he worked as quickly as he could, whispering the words to himself aloud. Then, he tore the papers into pieces and swallowed them one by one.

When he made his way back to the marketplace, Richie was so preoccupied with his quest for a good drink to wash out the taste of ink in his mouth that he didn't notice the blurred figure sprinting towards him until it was on him. With a breathtaking impact and a mess of grappling limbs, Richie was flat on his back in the dirt, pinned by the red-haired man, the blade of a knife pressed to his throat.

"Fuck," he wheezed. A few of the islanders around them stopped to watch but the rest carried on with their business.

"Where's the page?" the man demanded, winding his fingers tight into Richie's hair and pulling. Again, Richie was struck by the odd lilt to the man's voice, but was a bit too preoccupied with the sting of cool metal against his Adam's apple to address it.

"You can't have it," Richie blurted, then choked as the blade broke skin and amended hastily, "Not at the moment!"

Two pairs of boots thundered up and came to a stop alongside Richie's head, kicking fine clouds of dirt across his face where it stuck to his wet skin. Against the sunlight haloing the two men's heads, Richie guessed their owners were Mr. Hanlon and Captain Denbrough. Richie squeezed his eyes shut against the piercing rays of light.

“Where is it?” Captain Denbrough asked, voice steady and almost weary.

“You’re looking at it,” Richie said.

Notes for the Chapter:

I’m an indecisive idiot so keep in mind that i will most likely be changing the desc for the fic sometime... hopefully before i post the next chapter.